

# Death of the POPE !

PIUS VI. closed his days at *Valence*, in *Dauphiny*, on the 29<sup>th</sup> of August last, in the 82<sup>d</sup> year of his Age, and the 25<sup>th</sup> of his Pontificate: he was born at *Cefena* the 17<sup>th</sup> of December, 1717, and elected Pope on the 15<sup>th</sup> of February, 1775.

Vainly did the Spanish Ambassador, in the name of his Court, claim his mortal remains to get them carried to *Italy*; they were refused him: his body was burnt with quick-lime.—A shocking precaution! a proof of rage and impotence!

Some minutes before he expired, Pius VI. recovered his perfect senses, of which he had been eleven days deprived; he made signs to those who were about him to draw near, took them all affectionately by the hand, and gave them his blessing: then addressing himself to the Bishop of *Corinth*, who never quitted him an instant during all his trials, after some affecting conversation, “Recommend,” said he, “above all things to my Successor, to forgive the French, as I most sincerely forgive them from my heart.”



In

In no Catholic country will any thing certainly be written so full of eloquence and feeling on this deplorable event, as the following ; which, however, we have transcribed from a Journal printed in the heart of *Paris*, one of those that were lately suppressed, but that has continued to appear under another title.

“ The death of PIUS VI. is just after sealing the Glory of modern Philosophy. When we call to mind the attacks that have been made on the Pontifical throne by the most celebrated writers of this age, we cannot but confess that the triumph of Philosophy would have been incomplete, had she not found means to drag a Pope in chains at the tail of her car. To crown her exploits, that exterminating Fiend that overthrew the Al-  
“ tars in the blood of their Ministers, that sported over their carcases in the horrid days of September, that cast whole crowds of them into the waves of the *Loire* and the *Atlantic*, could not forbear directing her flight to the capital of the Christian world, rushing

“ fword

“ fword in hand into the vaults of the  
“ Vatican, and making a captive of the  
“ Pontiff after butchering his Levites.  
“ Sacred eloquence ; Oh ! what subjects  
“ await thy pencil ; if ever thou art per-  
“ mitted to exhibit to mankind truth  
“ in the colours thou canst give it ! this  
“ would be the place to borrow some  
“ of thy strokes ; but, it is not for us  
“ to usurp thy language ; and our pen,  
“ destined only to record the facts, that  
“ will serve, perhaps, one day as themes  
“ to thine instructions, cannot, ought  
“ not to anticipate on thine august Mi-  
“ nistry. Leaving then Religion to shed  
“ her pious tears over the dust of an  
“ honored Pontiff, let us not pluck, as  
“ yet, the palms of Martyrdom that  
“ Heaven has already let fall on his re-  
“ mains—Philosophy may still triumph  
“ this day for having tied her tricoloured  
“ knot to the Pontifical Tiara, for hav-  
“ ing spread the Municipal Cloth over  
“ the grave of a Pope, for having laid  
“ his remains in unhallowed ground ;  
“ but let her tell us in the end what she  
“ has got by all that.

“ What

“ What occasion had she to add to  
“ the rest of her titles the odium of this  
“ death? What necessity to render her-  
“ self guilty in some measure of this new  
“ assassination? For, though she did not  
“ make the venerable Senior ascend a  
“ scaffold, nor fall under a discharge of  
“ murdering lead; yet, she reckoned  
“ the number of his years: with eager  
“ expectation she watched his last breath;  
“ she waited moment after moment for  
“ nature to give the finishing blow to  
“ his caducity; she even hastened, by  
“ the inconveniences and shocks attend-  
“ ing removals and journeys, the too  
“ lingering termination of her victim’s  
“ life. Vainly then would she offer to  
“ repel the charge. Posterity already  
“ ranks PIUS VI. among the Martyrs  
“ of Modern Philosophy.

“ Did the Philosophers think, by  
“ shewing him to the people, stripped of  
“ the splendor of his dignity, and re-  
“ duced to the state of a captive, to  
“ render him an object of contempt?  
“ But, how could they be insensible  
“ that his misfortunes rendered him  
“ only

“ only the more respectable ; that all the  
“ grandeur of St. Peter’s in Rome,  
“ all the pomp of the Vatican was  
“ eclipsed by the plain humble abode  
“ that served him as a prison ; that even  
“ as the Altars, despoiled at present of  
“ their decorations, he appeared only  
“ the more august in this privation of  
“ all outward show, and that in the  
“ midst of the most awful ceremonies  
“ and under the canopy, he appeared  
“ less great and less venerable, than sur-  
“ rounded by the military guard that  
“ dragged him from town to town like  
“ a criminal. Ah ! this is not the first  
“ time that the Revolution has illu-  
“ mined the darkest dungeons with a  
“ lustre, not to be seen in the most  
“ sumptuous palaces ; and has it not  
“ sometimes rendered the scaffold more  
“ glorious than the throne ? We talk  
“ not of the invisible train with which  
“ Religion attended this illustrious  
“ captive, nor of the prayers and honors  
“ that followed him from every quar-  
“ ter. His misfortunes, his virtues, his  
“ innocence, his hoary locks, adorned  
“ him

“ him sufficiently in the eyes of every  
“ spectator.

“ Did the Philosophers think to an-  
“ nihilate his authority when they took  
“ possession of his person ? But, to ex-  
“ tinguish that is not in the power of  
“ death itself. Death leaves in their  
“ hands only a lifeless corse, a cold in-  
“ tegument ; and already the leaf that  
“ bears the name of his Successor, has  
“ loosened itself from the eternal books.  
“ It is even remarkable, that his parting  
“ looks beheld *Rome* as nearly released  
“ from the dominion of the French, and  
“ that the Pontifical throne was almost  
“ free the moment it was vacant. It  
“ was then a gratuitous piece of cruelty  
“ that was practised on the Pope, but  
“ well becoming those men, who with  
“ one hand attacked the chair of St. Pe-  
“ ter, and with the other broke down  
“ the spire of William Tell ; who at  
“ once violated the most august fanc-  
“ tuary of Religion, and the most sa-  
“ cred asylum of liberty ; who, on the  
“ most frivolous pretences, declared war  
“ against the peaceable and respectable  
“ inhabitants

“ inhabitants of *Helvetia*, and on pre-  
“ tences equally frivolous, disturbed the  
“ declining years of a Pontiff who could  
“ not injure them, and of whom they  
“ had no just reason whatsoever to com-  
“ plain. Blind Fanaticism ! that con-  
“ sults neither the laws of humanity nor  
“ the rules of policy, that renders itself  
“ odious while it seeks to overawe, and  
“ stupidly works its own ruin while it  
“ aims at strengthening its power.

“ What region in the habitable world,  
“ from the *Owhyhee* and *Orapu* shores,  
“ to the banks of the *Nile* and *Jordan*,  
“ from the pafs of *Old Sichem*, to the  
“ *Guyana* deserts, has not resounded the  
“ cries of violated justice ? Oh ! you, who  
“ suffer all the rigors of dreary exile,  
“ on whatever uninhabited land the  
“ storm of the Revolution has cast you,  
“ be it known to you, that your Head  
“ has died a captive, and that you may  
“ safely weep over his memory, as you  
“ have only rocks and desarts to wit-  
“ ness your tears ! You will rear him  
“ a monument in your vast solitudes,  
“ under the shade of your forests, whilst

“ the

## DEATH OF THE POPE.

“ the recurring thoughts of the second  
“ of September, more gloomy and black  
“ than the *Cypress* shades, will cover his  
“ humble grave with eternal Mourning.”

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*The following beautiful Lines were written by the  
Abbé De Lille, to be placed at the foot of the  
Portrait of PIUS VI.*

Pontife révéré, Souverain Magnanime,  
Noble et touchant Spectacle et du Monde et du Ciel,  
Il honore à la fois par sa Vertu sublime  
Le Malheur, la Vieillesse, et le trône et l'autel.



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